

The KNIGHT and the BEGGER-WENCH.

Which doth a wanton Prank unfold, | In as merry a Story as ever was told.
To the Tune of, *The King's Delight*: or, *Turn-Coat*, &c.



I Met with a jovial Beggar,
And into the fields I led her,
and I laid her upon the ground;
Her face did not invite me,
Nor her smock did much delight me,
but I think the young *Whore* was sound;
With Ladies both fresh and gay
I often did sport and play,
Yet a Beggar I'll take
For varietie's sake,
She'll please me as well as they.

I have a good Wife, as fair
As ever drew English air,
her pleasure is past compare,
her cherry lips, cheeks, and eyes,
her belly, her breast, and thighs,
might any but I suffice;
With her I so often play,
And weary my time away,
That a fowler to me,
Would be fatter than she,
For it wins the day.

This Beggar I should describe,
Without any hope of bribe,
was one of the *Haunting* tribe;
She had a fine foot and leg,
As nimble as doe or stag,
and then she began to beg,
So soon as my horse she sees,
She fell down upon her knees,
The *Whore* had a sack,
That hung at her back,
Well furnished with bread and cheese.

She struck me into a dump,
the *Jade* was both young and plump,
with a round and ranting rump;
Her feature had so much force,
It raised in me remorse,
and drew me quite off my horse;
But when I began to woo,
She told me she would not do;
Quoth I, Pretty Wench,
Let me show you some sport;
She kiss me, and answered no,

My horse to a twig I tied,
The Beggar-wench then replied,
Good Master get up and ride;
Yes, so I will straight (thought I),
With that I did something nigh,
He struggled and cry'd, fie, fie,
I am but a Beggar by breed;
Quoth I, Let me do this deed,
For he that will scorn,
A Beggar-wench born,
May want a good turn at need.

Then into her arms I clasp,
Quoth she, Now I'm in your traps,
what shall I do with my scraps?
Throw them in the bush, said I.
No, no, she did straight reply,
There's pig, and pudding, and pie,
The bag for better or worse,
My blessings I will not curse.
Why then, quoth I,
So ran presently
And throw it 'twixt my horse.

She then (in a merry vein)
Did trip to me back again,
to put me out of my pain.
She dazzled so my sight,
That neither by day or night,
I ever had such delight,
So close to me now she clings,
And flatters abroad her wings.
What my bashful *Jade*,
Aha! of the trade,
Take loose and away she flings.

I rise and away ran I,
The Beggar-wench then did cry,
My pig and my pudding-pie;
I ran and I cursed and swore,
Untill I came to my door,
but the horse was gone before;

I had the Wench stay behind,
And told her I would be kind;
But when I came home,
I look'd like a *Dome*,
I wish'd that I had been blind.

My Wife and my Neighbours all
Did laugh, ye might hear 'em bawl
from Temple-bar to White-hall,
My Sweet heart's probant was found,
Which lay in the wallet bound,
and scatter'd about the ground;
The sight of my Wife did daunt,
And make my heart prick and pant,
Sir Thomas, quoth she,
And make merrily,
Where got you this good probant?

Thought I, it is best to bear up,
Although of this venomous cup
I take but a sorrowful sup,
In the twinkling of one's eyes,
I thought of a thousand lies,
but ne'er a one would suffice;
I many things had in doubt,
Yet could not well bring 'em about.
As I went to begin,
The Wench came in,
And so came the story out.

My Lady did laugh out-right,
As if she had much delight,
but I found it not so at night;
I gave the poor Wench a pence,
But wish't she had been in Greece,
to tell such a tale as this;
My Madam doth make it slight,
But I have got nothing by't,
For when she wants her wish,
It is thrown in my dish,
I'd better been hang'd out-right.

F I N I S.